A

Moſt Pleaſant

Comedie of *Mucedorus* the Kings Sonne of *Valentia*, and *Amadine* the Kings Daughter of *Aragon*.

With the merry conceits of *Mouſe*.

Amplified with new Additions, as it was Acted before the Kings Maieſty, at White-hall on Shroue-Sunday night.

By his Highneſſe Seruants, vſually *playing at the Globe.*

Very delectable, and ful of conceited mirth.

AT LONDON, 1598.
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George
Nov 2 1734

The Prologue.

MOſt ſacred Maieſty, whoſe great deſerts,
Thy ſubiect *England*; nay, the world admires:
Which, Heauen grant ſtill increaſe; O may your praiſe
Multiplying with your houres, your fame will raiſe:
Embrace your Councell: Loue, with Faith them guide,
That both as one bench, by each others ſide.
So may your life paſſe on, and run ſo euen;
That your firme zeale plant you a Throane in Heauen:
Where ſmiling Angels ſhall your guardians be
From blemiſht Traytors, ſtain'd with periurie:
And as the Night's inferior to the Day,
So be all earthly Regions to your ſway.
Be as the Sunne to Day, the Day to Night;
For, from your beames, *Europe* ſhall borrow light.
Mirth drowne your boſome, faire Delight your minde,
And may our Paſtime, your Contentment finde.

Exit.

Tenne perſons may eaſily play it.

The King, and Rembelo.	*for one.*
King Valentia.	*for one.*
Mucedorus the Prince of Valentia.	*for one.*
Anſelmo.	*for one.*
Amadine the Kings daughter of Aragon.	*for one.*
Segaſto a Noble-man.	*for one.*
Enuy, Tremelio a Captaine, Eremo a wild man.	*for one.*
Comedie, a boy, an old Woman, Ariena, Amadines maid.	*for one.*
Collin a Counceller, a Meſſenger.	*for one.*
Meuſe the Clowne.	*for one.*

A moſt pleaſant Comedy of *Mucedorus* the Kings Son of *Valentia*, and *Amadine* the Kings Daughter of *Aragon*.

Enter Comedy ioyfully, with a Garland of Bayes on her head.

Hy ſo; thus do I hope to pleaſe:
Muſicke reuiues, and mirth is tollerable:
Comedie play thy part and pleaſe;
Make merry them that comes to ioy with thee:
Ioy then good Gentles, I hope to make you laugh
Sound forth *Bellona's* ſiluer tuned ſtrings,
Time fits vs well, the day and place is ours.

Enter Enuy his armes naked beſmered with bloud.

Enu. Nay ſtay Minion ſtay, there lyes a Blocke:
What, all on mirth? Ile interrupt your tale,
And mixe your Muſicke with a Tragicke end.

Com. What monſtrous vgly hag is this,
That dares controule the pleaſures of our will?
Vaunt churliſh Curre, beſmear'd with gory blood,
That ſeemſt to checke the bloſſome of Delight,
And ſtifle the ſound of ſweet *Bellonas* breath:
Bluſh monſter, bluſh, and poſte away with ſhame,
That ſeekeſt diſturbance of a Goddeſſe name.

Enu. Poſt hence thy ſelfe, thou counterchecking trull,
I will poſſeſſe this habite ſpight of thee,
And gaine the glory of thy wiſhed port:
I'le thunder Muſicke ſhall appale the Nymphs,
And make them ſhiuer their clattering ſtrings,
Flying for ſuccour to their Daniſh Caues.

Sound Drummes within, and cry ſtab, ſtab.

Hearken, thou ſhalt heare a noyſe,
Shall fill the Aire with a ſhrilling ſound,

And thunder Muſicke to the Gods aboue:
Mars ſhall himſelfe breath downe
A Peereleſſe Crowne vpon braue *Ennies* head,
And raiſe his chiuall with a laſting fame:
In this braue Muſicke, *Enuy* takes delight,
Where I may ſee them wallow in their blood,
To ſpurne at Armes and Legs quite thiuered off,
And heare the cries of many thouſands ſlaine:
How lik'ſt thou this my Trull? tis ſport alone for me.

Com. Vaunt bloudy curre, nurſt vp with Tygers ſap,
That ſo doſt quaile a Womans minde;
Comedy is mild, gentle, willing for to pleaſe,
And ſeekes to gaine the loue of all eſtates:
Delighting in Mirth, mixt all with louely tales;
And bringeth things with treble ioy to paſſe.
Thou bloudy, enuious; diſdainer of mens ioyes:
Whoſe name is fraught with bloudy ſtratagems;
Delights in nothing but in ſpoyle and death,
Where thou maiſt trample in their luke-warme blood,
And graſpe their hearts within thy curſed pawes:
Yet vaile thy minde, reuenge thee not on me,
A ſilly woman begs it at thy hands.
Giue me the leaue to vtter out my Play;
Forbeare this place, I humbly craue thee hence,
And mixe not death mongſt pleaſant Comedies,
That treats nought elſe but pleaſure and delight:
If any ſparke of humane reſts in thee,
Forbeare, begon; tender the ſuite of me.

Enu. Why ſo I will: forbearance ſhall be ſuch,
As treble death ſhall croſſe thee with deſpight,
And make thee mourne where moſt thou ioyeſt,
Turning thy mirth into a deadly dole:
Whirling thy pleaſures with a peale of death,
And drench thy methods in a ſea of blood:
This will I do: Thus ſhall I beare with thee.
And more, to vexe thee with a deeper ſpight,
I will with threats of blood, begin the Play,
Fauouring thee with Enuie and with Hate.

Com.

Com. Then vgly Monſter, do thy worſt,
I will defend them in deſpight of thee:
And though thou think'ſt with Tragicke fumes
To proue my Play vnto my deepe diſgrace,
I force it not, I ſcorne what thou canſt doe;
I'le grace it ſo thy ſelfe ſhall it confeſſe,
From Tragicke ſtuffe to be a pleaſant Comedy.
Enu. Why then *Comedy* ſend thy Actors forth,
And I will croſſe the firſt ſtep of their Trade,
Making them feare the very dart of death.
Com. And Ile defend them mauger all thy ſpight:
So vgly Fiend farwell, till time ſhall ſerue,
That we may meete to parley for the beſt.
Enu. Content *Comedy*, I'le goe ſpread my branch
And ſcattered Bloſſomes from mine enuious Tree,
Shall proue two Monſters, ſpoyling of their ioyes. *Exit.*

Sound.

Enter Mucedorus, and Anſelmo his friend.

Muc. Anſelmo? *Anſel.* My Lord and Friend,
Whoſe deere affections boſome with my heart,
And keepe their domination in one Orbe;
Whence nere diſloyalty ſhall roote it forth,
But Faith plant firmer in your choice reſpect.
Muc. Much blame were mine, if I ſhould other deeme,
Nor can coy Fortune contrary allow:
But my *Anſelmo*, loath I am to ſay, I muſt eſtrange that friend-
Miſconſture not, 'tis from the Realme, not thee: (ſhip,
Though Lands part Bodies, Hearts keepe company:
Thou know'ſt that I imparted often haue,
Priuate relations with my royall Sire
Had, as concerning beauteous *Amadine*,
Rich *Aragons* bright Iewell; whoſe face (ſome ſay)
That blooming Lillies neuer ſhone ſo gay.
Excelling, not excel'd: yet leaſt Report
Does mangle Verity, boaſting of what is not,
Wing'd with Deſire; thither I'le ſtraight repaire,
And be my fortunes as my thought are, faire.
Anſ. Will you forſake *Valencia*? leaue the Court?

Abſent

Abſent you from the eye of Soueraignty,
Do not ſweet Prince, aduentnre on that taske,
Since danger lurkes each where, be won from it.
Muc. Deſiſt diſſwaſion,
My reſolution brookes no battery,
Therefore if thou retaine thy wonted forme,
Aſſiſt what I intend.
Anſ. Your miſſe will breed a blemiſh in the Court,
And throw a froſty deaw vpon that Beard,
Whoſe front *Valencia* ſtoopes to.
Muc. If thou my welfare tender then no more,
Let Loues ſtrong Magicke charme thy triuiall phraſe,
Waſted as vainely, as to gripe the Sunne:
Augment not then more anſwers; locke thy lips,
Vnleſſe thy wiſdome ſuite me with diſguiſe,
According to my purpoſe.
Anſ. That action craues no counſell,
Since what you rightly are, will more command,
Then beſt vſurped ſhape.
Muc. Thou ſtill art oppoſite in diſpoſition,
A more obſcure ſeruile habilament
Beſeemes this enterpriſe.
Anſ. Then like a *Florentine* or *Mountebancke*.
Muc. 'Tis much too tedious, I diſlike thy iudgement,
My minde is grafted on an humbler ſtocke.
Anſ. Within my Cloſet does there hang a Caſſocke,
Though baſe the weed is, 'twas a Shepheards,
Which I preſented in Lord *Iulios* Maske.
Muc. That my *Anſelmo*, and none elſe but that,
Maske *Mucedorus* from the vulgar view;
That habite ſuites my minde, fetch me that weed:
Exit Anſelmo.
Better then Kings, haue not diſdain'd that ſtate,
And much inferiour, to obtaine their mate.
Enter Anſelmo with a Shepheards Coate.
So, let our reſpect command thy ſecrecy,
At once a briefe farewell,
Delay to louers, is a ſecond Hell. *Exit Mucedorus.*

Anſ.

Anſel. Proſperity fore-runne thee: Auckward chance,
Neuer be neighbour to thy wiſhes venture,
Content and Fame aduance thee. Euer thriue,
And glory thy mortality ſuruiue. *Exit.*

Enter Mouſe with a bottle of hay.

Mouſe. O horrible terrible! Was euer poore Gentleman ſo ſcar'd out of his ſeauen ſenſes? A Beare? Nay ſure it cannot be a Beare, but ſome Deuill in a Beares doublet; for a Beare could neuer haue had that agilitie to haue frighted mee. Well, Ile ſee my father hang'd before Ile ſerue his Horſe any more: Well, Ile carry home my bottle of hay, and for once make my fathers Horſe turne Puritane, and obſerue Faſting dayes, for hee gets not a bit. But ſoft, this way ſhe followed me, therefore Ile take the other path, and becauſe Ile be ſure to haue an eye to her, I will ſhake hands with ſome fooliſh Creditor, and make euery ſtep backward.

As he goes backward, the Beare comes in, and he tumbles ouer her, and runs away, and leaues his bottle of hay behind him.

Enter Segaſto running, and Amadine after him, being purſued with a Beare.

Seg. O flie Madam, flie, or elſe we are but dead.

Ama. Helpe *Segaſto*, helpe, helpe ſweet *Segaſto*, or elſe I dye.

Segaſto runnes away.

Segaſt. Alas Madam, there is no way but flight,
Then haſte and ſaue your ſelfe.

Ama. Why then I dye. Ah helpe me in diſtreſſe.

Enter Mucedorus like a Shepheard, with a ſword drawne, and a Beares head in his hand.

Muce. Stay Lady ſtay, and be no more diſmaid,
That cruell Beaſt, moſt mercileſſe and fell,
Affrighted many with his hard purſues,
Prying from place to place to finde his prey,
Prolonging thus his life by others death:
His carkas now lies headleſſe, void of breath.

Ama. That foule deformed Monſter is he dead?

Muce. Aſſure your ſelfe thereof, behold his head.

Which if it pleaſe you Lady to accept,
With willing heart I yeeld it to your Maieſtie.
Ama. Thanks worthy Shepheard, thanks a thouſand times,
This gift aſſure thy ſelfe contents me more,
Then greateſt bounty of a mighty Prince,
Although he were the Monarch of the world.
Muce. Moſt gracious Goddeſſe, more then mortall wight,
Your heauenly hue of right imports no leſſe:
Moſt glad am I in that it was my chance
To vndertake this enterpriſe in hand,
Which doth ſo greatly glad your Princely minde.
Ama. No Goddeſſe (Shepheard) but a mortall wight,
A mortall wight diſtreſſed as thou ſeeſt;
My father here is King of *Aragon*,
I *Amadine* his onely daughter am,
And after him ſole heyre vnto the Crowne:
Now whereas it is my fathers will,
To marry me vnto *Segaſto*,
One whoſe wealth through Fathers former vſurie,
Is knowne to be no leſſe then wonderfull:
We both of cuſtome oftentimes did vſe,
(Leauing the Court) to walke within the fields
For recreation, eſpecially the Spring,
In that it yeelds great ſtore of rare delights:
And paſſing further then our wonted walkes,
Scarce entred within theſe luckleſſe woods,
But right before vs downe a ſteepfall hill,
A moniſtrous vgly Beare did hye him faſt
To meet vs both: I faint to tell the reſt.
Good Shepheard but ſuppoſe the ghaſtly lookes,
The hideous feares, the hundred thouſand woes
Which at this inſtant *Amadine* ſuſtain'd.
Muce. Yet worthy Princeſſe let thy ſorrow ceaſe,
And let this ſight your former ioyes reuiue.
Ama. Beleeue me Shepheard, ſo it doth no leſſe.
Muce. Long may they laſt vnto your hearts content.
But tell me Lady, what is become of him,
Segaſto cal'd; what is become of him?

Ama.

Ama. I know not I, that know the powers diuine,
But God grant this that ſweet *Segaſto* liue.
Muce. Yet hard hearted he in ſuch a caſe,
So cowardly to ſaue himſelfe by flight,
And leaue ſo braue a Princeſſe to the ſpoile.
Ama. Well Shepheard for thy worthy valour tried,
Endangering thy ſelfe to ſet me free,
Vnrecompenced ſure thou ſhalt not be:
In Court thy courage ſhall be plainly knowne,
Throughout the Kingdome will I ſpread thy name,
To thy renowne and neuer dying fame:
And that thy courage may be better knowne,
Beare thou the head of this moſt monſtrous beaſt
In open ſight to euery Courtiers view:
So will the King my father thee reward.
Come let's away, and guard me to the Court.
Muce. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter Segaſto ſolus.

Segaſt. When heapes of harmes do houer ouer head,
Tis time as then (ſome ſay) to looke about,
And of enſuing harmes to chuſe the leaſt:
But hard, yea hapleſſe is that wretches chance,
Luckleſſe his lot, and caitiffe-like accurſt,
At whoſe proceedings Fortune euer frownes:
My ſelfe I meane, moſt ſubiect vnto thrall:
For I, the more I ſeeke to ſhun the worſt,
The more by proofe I finde my ſelfe accurſt.
Erewhiles aſſaulted with an vgly Beare,
Faire *Amadine* in companie all alone;
Forthwith by flight I thought to ſaue my ſelfe,
Leauing my *Amadine* vnto her ſhifts:
For death it was for to reſiſt the Beare,
And death no leſſe of *Amadines* harmes to heare.
Accurſed I, in lingring life thus long:
In liuing thus each minute of an houre
Doth pierce my heart with darts of thouſand deaths:
If ſhe by flight her furie doth eſcape,
What will ſhe thinke?

Will ſhe not ſay, yea flatly to my face,
Accuſing me of meere diſloyaltie,
A truſtie friend is tride in time of need:
But I, when ſhe in danger was of death,
And needed me, and cride, *Segaſto* helpe,
I turn'd my backe and quickly ran away,
Vnworthy I to beare this vitall breath,
But what, what need theſe plaints?
If *Amadine* doe liue then happy I,
She will in time forgiue, and ſo forget:
Amadine is mercifull, not *Iuno* like,
In harmefull hearts to harbour hatred long.

Enter Mouſe the Clowne running, crying clubs.

Mou. Clubs, Prongs, Pitchforks, Bils: Oh helpe,
A Beare, a Beare, a Beare.

Seg. Still Beares, and nothing but Beares.
Tell me Sirra where ſhe is.

Clow. O ſir, ſhe is run downe the woods,
I ſaw her white head, and her white belly.

Segaſt. Thou talk'ſt of wonders to tell me of white Beares.
But ſirra, didſt thou euer ſee any ſuch?

Clow. No faith, I neuer ſaw any ſuch:
But I remember my fathers words,
He bade me take heed I was not caught with the white Beare.

Segaſt. A lamentable tale no doubt.

Clow. Ile tell you what ſir, as I was going a field to ſerue my fathers great Horſe, and carried a bottle of hay vpon my head: Now doe you ſee ſir, I faſt hudwinke that I could ſee nothing, I perceiuing the Beare comming, I threw my hay into the hedge and ran away.

Segaſt. What, from nothing?

Clow. I warrant you yes, I ſaw ſomething: for there was two load of thornes beſide my bottle of hay, and that made three.

Segaſt. But tell me ſirrah: the Beare that thou didſt ſee,
Did ſhe not beare a bucket on her arme?

Clow. Ha, ha, ha, I neuer ſaw a Beare go a milking in all my life. But harke you ſir, I did not looke ſo hie as her arme,
I ſaw nothing but her white head, and her white belly.

Segaſt. But tell me ſirra: where doſt thou dwell?

Clow. Why, do you not know me?

Segaſt. Why no, how ſhould I know thee?

Clow. Why then you know no bodie, and you know not me: I tell you ſir I am goodman Rats ſonne of the next Pariſh ouer the hill.

Segaſt. Goodman Rats ſonne, whats thy name?

Clow. Why I am very neere kin vnto him.

Segaſt. I thinke ſo, but whats thy name?

Clow. My name? I haue a very pretty name. Ile tell you what my name is: My name is *Mouſe*.

Segaſt. What plaine *Mouſe*?

Clow. I, plaine *Mouſe* without either welt or gard. But do you heare ſir, I am a very young Mouſe, for my tale is ſcarce growne out yet: looke here elſe.

Segaſt. But I pray you, who gaue you that name?

Clow. Faith ſir, I know not that, but if you would faine know, aske my fathers great Horſe, for he hath beene halfe a yeere longer with my father then I haue beene.

Segaſt. This ſeemes to be a merry fellow,
I care not if I take him home with me:
Mirth is a comfort to a troubled minde.
A merry man a merry maſter makes.
How ſaiſt thou ſirrah, wilt thou dwell with me?

Clow. Nay ſoft ſir, two words to a bargaine. Pray you what Occupation are you?

Segaſt. No occupation, I liue vpon my lands.

Clow. Your lands? away, you are no Maſter for me. Why do you thinke that I am ſo mad to go ſeeke my liuing in the lands among the ſtones, bryers, and buſhes, and teare my holiday apparell? Not I by your leaue.

Segaſt. Why I do not meane thou ſhalt. *Clo.* How then?

Segaſt. Why thou ſhalt be my man, and wait on me at Court.

Clow. Whats that? *Segaſt.* Where the King lies,

Clow. What is that King, a man or a woman?

Segaſt. A man as thou art.

Clow. As I am: Harke you ſir, pray you what kin is hee to goodman King of our Pariſh the Churchwarden?

Segast. No kin to him, he is the King of the whole Land.

Clow. King of the Land, I neuer saw him.

Seg. If thou wilt dwell with me, thou shalt see him euery day.

Clo. Shall I go home againe to be torne in pieces with Bears? No not I, I will goe home and put on a cleane shirt, and then go drowne my selfe.

Seg. Thou shalt not need, if thou wilt dwell with me thou shalt want nothing.

Clow. Shall I not? then heres my hand, Ile dwell with you: And harke you sir, now you haue entertained me, I will tell you what I can doe, I can keepe my tongue from pickng and stealing, and my hands from lying and slandering, I warrant you as well as euer you had any man in your life.

Segast. Now will I to Court with sorrowfull heart rounded with doubts: If *Amadine* doe liue, then happy I; yea happy I if *Amadine* doe liue.

Enter the King with a young prisoner, Amadine, Tremelio, with Collin and Counsellors.

King. Now braue Lords, our warres are brought to end,
Our foes the foyle, and we in safetie rest;
It vs behoues to vse such clemencie in peace,
As valour in the warres;
Tis as great honour to be bountifull at home,
As conquerours in the field.
Therefore my Lords, the more to my content,
Your liking, and our Countries safeguard,
We are dispos'd in Mariage for to giue
Our Daughter vnto Lord *Segasto* here,
Who shall succeed the Diademe after me,
And reigne hereafter, as I tofore haue done,
Your sole and lawfull King of *Aragon*.
What say you Lordings, like you of my aduice?

Col. An't please your Maiestie, we doe not only allow of your Highnesse pleasure, but also vow faithfully in what we may, to further it.

King. Thanks good my Lords, if long *Adrastus* liue,
He will at full requite your courtesies.
Tremelio, in recompence of thy late valour done,

Take

Take vnto thee the *Catelone* a Prince
Lately our priſoner taken in the warres:
Be thou his keeper, his ranſome ſhall be thine:
Wee'll thinke of it when leaſure ſhall afford:
Meane while doe vſe him well, his father is a King.

Tre. Thanks to your Maieſtie, his vſage ſhall be ſuch,
As he thereat ſhall haue no cauſe to grutch. *Exit.*

King. Then march we one to Court, and reſt our wearied limbs,
But *Collin*, I haue a tale in ſecret fit for thee,
When thou ſhalt heare a watch-word from thy King,
Thinke then ſome weighty matter is at hand,
That highly ſhall concerne our State:
Then *Collin*, looke thou be not farre from me,
And for thy ſeruice thou toſore haſt done,
Thy truth and valour prou'd in euery point,
I ſhall with bounties thee inlarge therefore.
So guard vp to the Court.

Coll. What ſo my Soueraigne doth command me doe,
With willing minde I gladly yeeld conſent. *Exeunt.*

Enter Segaſto, and the Clowne with weapons about him.

Seg. Tell me ſirrah, how doe you like your weapons?

Clow. O very well, very well, they keepe my ſides warme.

Seg. They keepe the dogs from your ſhins well, do they not?

Clow. How, keep the dogs from my ſhins, I would ſcorne but my ſhins ſhould keepe the dogs from them.

Seg. Well, ſirrah leauing idle talke, tell me,
Do'ſt thou know Captaine *Tremelios* chamber?

Clow. I very well, it hath a doore.

Seg. I thinke ſo, for ſo hath euery chamber:
But doſt thou know the man?

Clow. I forſooth, he hath a noſe on his face.

Seg. Why ſo hath euery one. *Clo.* Thats more then I know.

Seg. But doſt thou remember the Captaine that was here with the King, that brought the young Prince priſoner?

Clow. O very well.

Seg. Goe to him, and bid him come vnto me:
Tell him I haue a matter in ſecret to impart to him.

Clow. I will Maſter, what's his name?

Segaſt.

Segaſt. Why Captaine *Tremelio?*

Clow. O, the Meale-man: I know him very well,
He brings meale euery Saturday: But harke you Maſter,
Muſt I bid him come to you, or muſt you come to him?

Segaſt. No ſirra, he muſt come to me.

Clow. Harke you Maſter, if he be not at home,
What ſhall I do then?

Segaſt. Why then leaue word with ſome of his folkes.

Clow. O Maſter if there be no bodie within,
I will leaue word with his Dog.

Segaſt. Why can his Dog ſpeake?

Clow. I cannot tell, wherefore doth he keep his chamber elſe?

Segaſt. To keepe out ſuch knaues as thou art.

Clow. Nay by Lady, then go your ſelfe.

Segaſt. You will go ſir, will you not?

Clow. Yes marry will I. O tis come to my head:
And he be not within, Ile bring his chamber to you.

Segaſt. What, will you plucke downe the Kings houſe?

Clow. No by Lady, Ile know the price of it firſt.
Maſter, it is ſuch a hard name I haue forgotten it againe:
I pray you tell me his name.

Segaſt. I tell thee, Captaine *Tremelio.*

Clow. O Captaine treble knaue, Captaine treble knaue.

Enter Tremelio.

Tre. How now ſirra, doſt thou call me?

Clow. You muſt come to my Maſter, Captaine treble knaue.

Tre. My Lord *Segaſto* did you ſend for me?

Segaſt. I did *Tremelio.* Sirra about your buſineſſe.

Clow. I marry, whats that, can you tell?

Segaſt. No not well.

Clow. Marry then I can, ſtraight to the Kitchin-dreſſer to *Iohn* the Cooke, and get me a good piece of Beefe and Brewis, and then to the Buttery hatch to *Thomas* the Butler, for a Iacke of Beere: and there for an houre Ile ſo belabour my ſelfe, and therefore I pray you call me not till you thinke I haue done, I pray you good Maſter. *Exit.*

Segaſt. Well ſir away.
Tremelio, this it is, thou knoweſt the valour of *Segaſto*,

Spread

Spread through all the Kingdome of *Aragon*,
And such as haue found triumph and fauours,
Neuer daunted at any time: but now a Shepherd,
Admired in Court for worthinesse,
And *Segasto's* honour laid aside:
My will therefore is this, that thou dost finde some meanes to worke the Shepherds death; I know thy strength sufficient to performe my desire, and to loue no otherwise than to reuenge my iniuries.

Tre. It is not the frownes of a Shepherd that *Tremelio* feares;
Therefore account it accomplish'd what I take in hand.

Segast. Thanks good *Tremelio*, and assure thy selfe,
What I promise, that I will performe.

Tre. Thanks good my Lord: And in good time,
See where he commeth: stand by a while,
And you shall see me put in practice your intended drift.
Haue at thee Swaine, if that I hit thee right.

Enter Mucedorus.

Muc. Vilde Coward; so without cause to strike a man;
Turne Coward turne: now strike and doe thy worst.

Mucedorus killeth him.

Segast. Hold Shepherd hold, spare him, kill him not.
Accursed villaine, tell me, what hast thou done?
Ah *Tremlio*, trusty *Tremelio*, I sorrow for thy death,
And since that thou liuing didst proue faithfull to *Segasto*,
So *Segasto* now liuing will honour the dead
Corps of *Tremelio*, with reuenge.
Bloud-thirsty villaine, borne and bred in mercilesse murder,
Tell me, how durst thou be so bold,
As once to lay thy hands vpon the least of mine?
Assure thy selfe thou shalt be vs'd according to the Law.

Muc. Segasto cease, these threats are needlesse,
Accuse me not of murder, that haue done nothing
But in mine owne defence.

Segast. Nay Shepherd reason not with me,
Il'e manifest thy fact vnto the King:
Whose doome will be thy death, as thou deseru'st.
What hoe: *Mouso* come away.

Enter

Enter Mouse.

Clow. Why how now whats the matter?
I thought you would be calling before I had done.

Segaſt. Come helpe away with my friend.

Clow. Why is he drunke? can he not ſtand on his feet?

Segaſt. No he is not drunke, he is ſlaine.

Clow. Flaine? no by Lady he is not ſlaine.

Segaſt. He is kil'd I tell thee. (no longer.

Clow. What doe you vſe to kill your friends? I will ſerve you

Segaſt. I tell thee the ſhepherd kil'd him;

Clow. O did he ſo? But Maſter, I will haue all his apparell if I carry him away. *Segaſt.* Why ſo thou ſhalt.

Clow. Come then I will helpe: Maſſe Maſter I thinke his mother ſung looby to him, he is ſo heauy. *Exeunt.*

Muc. Behold the fickle ſtate of man alwaies mutable, neuer at one,
Sometime we feed our fancies with the ſweet of our deſires:
Sometimes againe, we feele the heat of extreme miſeries.
Now am I in fauour about the Court and Country,
To morrow thoſe fauours will turne to frownes.
To day I liue reuenged on my foe,
To morrow I die, my foe reuenged on me. *Exit.*

Enter Bremo a wilde man.

Bremo. No paſſenger this morning? what not one?
A chance that ſeldome doth befall,
What not one? Then lie thou there,
And reſt thy ſelfe till I haue further need:
Now *Bremo* ſith thy leaſure ſo affords,
An endleſſe thing, who knowes not *Bremo's* ſtrength,
Who like a King commands within theſe woods?
The Beare, the Bore dare not abide his ſight,
But haſte away to ſaue themſelues by flight.
The Chryſtall waters in the Bubbling Brookes,
When I come by doe ſwiftly ſlide away,
And claps themſelues in cloſets vnder banks,
Afraid to looke bold *Bremo* in the face.
The aged Oakes at *Bremo's* breath doe bowe,
And all things elſe are ſtill at my command.

Elſe

Elſe what would I?
Rend them in peeces, and plucke them from the earth,
And each way elſe I would reuenge my ſelfe.
Why who comes here with whom I dare not fight?
Who fights with me and doth not die the death? not one.
What fauour ſhewes this ſturdy ſticke to thoſe
That here within theſe woods are combatants with me?
Why death, and nothing elſe but preſent death.
With reſtleſſe rage I wander through theſe woods,
No creature here, but feareth *Bremo's* force:
Man, woman, childe, beaſt and bird,
And euery thing that doth approach my ſight,
Are forſt to fall, if *Bremo* once doe frowne.
Come Cudgell come, my partner in my ſpoyles,
For here I ſee this day it will not be,
But when it fals that I encounter any,
One pat ſufficeth for to worke my will.
What comes not one? then lets be gone,
A time will ſerue when we ſhall better ſpeed. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Segaſto the Shepherd, and the Clowne with others.

King. Shepherd, thou haſt heard thy accuſers,
Murder is laid to thy charge:
What canſt thou ſay? thou haſt deſerued death.

Muc. Dread Soueraigne I muſt needs confeſſe,
I ſlew this captaine in mine owne defence,
Not of any malice but by chance:
But mine accuſer hath a further meaning.

Segaſt. Words will not here preuaile,
I ſeeke for iuſtice, and iuſtice craues his death.

King. Shepherd thine owne confeſſion hath condemned thee
Sirra take him away, and doe him to execution ſtraight.

Clow. So he ſhall, I warrant him:
But doe you heare Maſter King: he is kin to a Monky,
His necke is bigger than his head.

Segaſt. Come ſirra away with him,
And hang him about the middle.

Clow. Yes forſooth I warrant you, come you ſirra:
A, ſo like a ſheep-biter a lookes.

Enter Amadine, and a Boy with a Beares head.

Ama. Dread Soueraigne, and well beloued Sire,
On bended knee I craue the life of this condemned Shepherd,
which heretofore preserued the life of thy sometime distressed
daughter.

King. Preserued the life of my sometime distressed daughter?
How can that be? I neuer knew the time
Wherein thou wast distrest: I neuer knew the day,
But that I haue maintained thy estate,
As best beseem'd the daughter of a King.
I neuer saw the Shepherd vntill now,
How comes it then that he preseru'd thy life?

Ama. Once walking with *Segasto* in the woods,
Further than our accustomed manner was,
Right before vs downe a steep-fall hill,
A monstrous vgly beare did hie him fast
To meete vs both: now whether this be true,
I refer it to the credit of *Segasto*.

Seg. Most true an't like your Maiesty. *King.* How then?

Ama. The Beare being eager to obtaine his prey,
Made forward to vs with an open mouth,
As if he meant to swallow vs both at once:
But specially your daughter *Amadine*,
Who for I saw no succour incident,
But in *Segasto's* valour, I grew desperate:
And he most coward-like began to flie,
Left me distrest to be deuour'd of him,
How say you *Segasto*, is it not true?

King. His silence verifies it to be true: what then?

Ama. Then I amaz'd distressed all alone,
Did hie me fast to scape that vgly Beare,
But all in vaine, for why he reached after me,
And hardly I did oft escape his pawes;
Till at the length this shepherd came,
And brought to me his head. (Maiesty.
Come hither boy, doe here it is, which I doe present vnto your
King. The slaughter of this Beare deserues great fame.

Segast.

Segaſt. The ſlaughter of a man deſerues great blame.
King. Indeed occaſion oftentimes ſo fals out.
Segaſt. Tremelio in the warres (O King) preſerued thee:
Ama. The Shepherd in the woods (O King) preſerued me.
Segaſt. Tremelio fought when many men did yeeld.
Ama. So would the Shepherd had he bin in field.
Clow. So would my Maſter had he not runne away.
Segaſt. Tremelio's force ſau'd thouſands from the foe.
Ama. The Shepherds force hath many thouſands moe.
Clow. Aye Shipſticks nothing elſe.
King. *Segaſto* ceaſe to accuſe the Shepherd,
His worthineſſe deſerues a recompence:
All we are bound to doe the Shepherd good.
Shepherd, whereas it was my ſentence thou ſhouldſt die,
So ſhall my ſentence ſtand, for thou ſhalt die.
Segaſt. Thanks to your Maieſty.
King. But ſoft *Segaſto*, not for this offence:
Long maiſt thou liue, and when the ſiſters ſhall decree
To cut in twaine the twiſted thred of life,
Then let him die, for this I ſet him free,
And for thy valour I will honour thee.
Ama. Thanks to your Maieſty.
King. Come daughter let vs now depart to honour the worthy valour of the Shepherd with our rewards. *Exeunt.*
Clow. O maſter heare you, you haue made a freſh hand now,
I thought you would beſhrew you: what will you doe now?
You haue loſt me a good occupation by this meanes:
Faith Maſter now I cannot hang the ſhepherd,
I pray you let me take paines to hang you,
It is but halfe an houres exerciſe.
Segaſt. You are ſtill in your knauery:
But ſith I cannot haue his life,
I will procure his baniſhment for euer. Come on Sirra.
Clow. Yes forſooth, I come. Laugh at him I pray you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus ſolus.

Muc. From *Amadine* and from her Fathers Court,
With gold and ſiluer and with rich rewards,
Flowing from the banks of gold and treaſures:

More may I boaſt and ſay: but I
Was neuer Shepherd in ſuch dignity.

Enter the Meſſenger and the Clowne.

Meſſ. All haile worthy Shepherd.

Clow. All raine lowſie Shepherd.

Muce. Welcome my friends, from whence come you?

Meſ. The King and *Amadine* greet thee well,
And after greeting done, bids thee depart the Court.
Shepherd be gone.

Clow. Shepherd take law-legs, fly away Shepherd.

Muc. Whote words are theſe, came theſe from *Amadine?*

Meſ. I from *Amadine.* *Clow.* Aye from *Amadine.*

Muc. Ah luckleſſe Fortune, worſe than *Phaetons* tale,
My former bliſſe is now become my bale.

Clow. What wilt thou poyſon thy ſelfe?

Muc. My former heauen is now become my hell.

Clow. The woſt ale-houſe that euer I came in, in all my life.

Muc. What ſhall I doe?

Clow. Euen goe hang thy ſelfe.

Muc. Can *Amadine* ſo churliſhly command
To baniſh the ſhepherd from her fathers Court?

Meſ What ſhould Shepherds doe in the Court?

Clow. What ſhould Shepherds doe among vs?
Haue not we Lords enough on vs in the Court?

Muc. Why Shepherds are men, and Kings are no more.

Meſ. Shepherds are men, and maſters ouer their flocks.

Clow. Thats a lie, who paies them their wages then?

Meſ. Well, you are alwaies interrupting of me;
But you were beſt to looke to him, leſt you hang for him
When he is gone. *Exit.*

The Clowne ſings.

Clow. And you ſhall hang for company,
For leauing me alone.
Shepherd ſtand forth and heare my ſentence.
Shepherd be gone within three daies in paine of my diſpleaſure.
Shepherd be gone, Shepherd be gone, be gone, be gone, be gone, Shepherd, Shepherd, Shepherd.

Muc. And muſt I goe? and muſt I needs depart?

Yee

Yee goodly Grones partakers of my ſongs,
In time before when fortune did not frowne,
Powre forth your plaints and waile a while with me:
And thou bright Sunne the comfort of my cold,
Hide, hide thy face, and leaue me comfortleſſe:
Yee wholeſome herbs and ſweet ſmelling ſauours,
Yea each thing elſe prolonging life of man,
Change, change your wonted courſe,
That I wanting your aide, in wofull ſort may die.

Enter Amadine and Ariena her maid.

Ama. Ariena, if any body aske for me,
Make ſome excuſe till I returne.

Ari. What and *Segaſto* call?

Ama. Doe you the like to him, I meane not to ſtay long. *Exit.*

Muc. This voice ſo ſweet, my pining ſpirits reuiues.

Ama. Shepherd well met, tell me how thou doſt?

Muc. I linger life, yet wiſh for ſpeedy death.

Ama. Shepherd although thy baniſhment already be decreed, and all againſt my will, yet *Amadine*.

Muc. Ah *Amadine* to heare of baniſhment is death:
I double death to me: but ſince I muſt depart, one thing I craue.

Ama. Say on with all my heart.

Muc. That in abſence eyther farre or neere,
You honour me as ſeruant to your name.

Ama. Not ſo. *Muc.* And why?

Ama. I honour thee as Soueraigne of my heart.

Muc. A Shepherd and a Soueraigne nothing like.

Ama. Yet like enough, where there is no diſlike.

Muc. Yet great diſlike, or elſe no baniſhment.

Ama. Shepherd, it is onely *Segaſto* that procures thy baniſhment.

Muc. Vnworthy wights are more in iealouſie.

Ama. Would God they would free thee from baniſhment,
Or likewiſe baniſh me.

Muc. Amen I ſay to haue your company.

Ama. Well Shepherd, ſith thou ſuffereſt thus for my ſake,
With thee in exile alſo let me liue,
On this condition Shepherd thou canſt loue.

Muc. No longer loue, no longer let me liue.

Ama.

Ama. Of late I loued one indeed, but now I loue none but
Muc. Thanks worthy Princesse: I burne likewise, (only thee.
Yet smother vp the blast.
I dare not promise what I may performe.
Ama. Well Shepherd, harke what I shall say,
I will returne vnto my Fathers Court,
There for to prouide me of such necessaries
As for my iourny I shall thinke most fit:
This being done, I will returne to thee;
Doe thou therefore appoint the place
Where we may meet.
Muc. Downe in the valley where I slew the Beare,
And there doth grow a faire broad branched Beech
That ouershades a Well, so who comes first,
Let him abide the happy meeting of vs both.
How like you this? *Ama.* I like it well.
Muc. Now if you please you may appoint the time.
Ama. Full three houres hence, God willing I will returne.
Muc. The thanks that *Paris* gaue the Grecian Queene,
The like doth *Mucedorus* yeeld.
Ama. Then *Mucedorus* for three houres farewell. *Exit.*
Muc. Your departure Lady breeds a priuy paine. *Exit.*

Enter Segasto solus.

Segast. Tis well *Segasto* that thou hast thy will:
Should such a Shepherd, such a simple swaine as he
Eclips thy credit, famous through the Court?
No, ply *Segasto* ply, let it not in *Aragon* be said,
A Shepherd hath *Segasto's* honour won.

Enter Mouse the Clowne calling his Master.

Clow. What, hoe Master, wil you come away?
Segast. Will you come hither I pray you, whats the matter?
Clow. Why is it not past eleuen of the clocke?
Segast. How then sir?
Clow. I pray you come away to dinner.
Segast. I pray you come hither.
Clow. Here's such a doe with you, will you neuer come?
Segast. I pray you sir, what newes of the message I sent you a-
Clow. I tell you all the messes be on the Table already. (bout?
There

There wants not ſo much as a meſſe of Muſtard halfe an houre

Segaſt. Come ſir, your minde is all vpon your belly, (agoe.
You haue forgotten what I bade you doe.

Clo. Faith, I know nothing, but you bade me go to breakfaſt.

Segaſt. Was that all?

Clow. Faith I haue forgotten it, the very ſent of the meat hath made me forget it quite.

Segaſt. You haue forgot the Arrand I bid you doe.

Clow. What Arrand, an arrant knaue or an arrant whore?

Segaſt. Why thou knaue did I not bid thee baniſh the (Shepherd.

Clow. O the Shepherds Baſtard.

Segaſt. I tell thee the Shepherds baniſhment.

Clow. I tell you the Shepherds Baſtard ſhall be well kept, Ile looke to it my ſelfe, but I pray you come away to dinner.

Segaſt. Then you will not tell me whether you haue baniſhed him or no?

Clow. Why I cannot ſay baniſhment, if you would giue me a thouſand pounds to ſay ſo.

Segaſt. Why you whorſon ſlaue, haue you forgotten that I ſent you and another to driue away the Shepherd?

Clow. What an Aſſe are you? here's a ſtirre indeed:
Here's Meſſage, Arrant, Baniſhment, and I cannot tell what.

Segaſt. I pray you ſir, ſhall I know whether you haue droue him away?

Clow. Faith I thinke I haue, and you will not beleeue me, aske my ſtaffe.

Segaſt. Why can thy ſtaffe tell?

Clow. Why he was with me too.

Segaſt. Then happy I that haue obtain'd my will.

Clow. And happier I if you would goe to dinner.

Segaſt. Come ſirra follow me.

Clow. I warrant you I will not loſe an inch of you now you are going to dinner: I promiſe you I thought ſeuen yeares before I could get him away.

Enter Amadine ſola.

Ama. God grant my long delay procures no harme,
Nor this my tarrying truſt are my pretence:
My *Mucedorus* ſurely ſtayes for me,

And thinks me ouer-long, at length I come,
My present promise to performe:
Ah what a thing is firme vnfained loue!
What is it which true loue dares not attempt?
My father he may make, but I must match:
Segasto loues, but *Amadine* must like
Where likes her best: compulsion is a thrall;
No, no, the hearty choice is all in all.
The Shepherds vertue *Amadine* esteemes:
But what me thinks the shepherd is not come;
I muse at that, the houre is at hand:
Well here Ile rest till *Mucedorus* come. *She sits downe.*

Enter Bremo looking about, hastily takes hold on her.

Bre. A happy prey: now *Bremo* feed on flesh:
Dainties *Bremo*, dainties, thy hungry paunch to fill;
Now glut thy greedy guts with luke-warme bloud:
Come fight with me, I long to see thee dead.
Ama. How can she fight that weapons cannot wield?
Bre. What canst not fight? then lie thee downe and die.
Ama. What must I die?
Bre. What needs these words? I thirst to sucke thy bloud.
Ama. Yet pitty me and let me liue a while.
Bre. No pitty I, Ile feed vpon thy flesh,
And teare thy body peece-meale ioynt by ioynt.
Ama. Ah now I want my Shepherds company.
Bre. Ile crush thy bones betweene two Oaken trees.
Ama. Haste Shepherd haste, or else thou com'st too late.
Bre. Ile sucke the sweetnesse from thy marrow bones.
Ama. Ah spare, ah spare to shed my guiltlesse bloud.
Bre. With this my bat I will beat out thy braines:
Downe, downe I say, prostrate thy selfe vpon the ground.
Ama. Then *Mucedorus* farewell, my hoped ioyes farewell;
Yet farewell life, and welcome present death. *She kneeles.*
To thee O God, I yeeld my dying ghost.
Bre. Now *Bremo* play thy part.
How now? what sudden chance is this?
My limbs doe tremble, and my sinewes shake;

My

My vaweakned armes haue loſt their former force:
Ah *Bremo*, *Bremo*, what a foile hadſt thou,
That yet at no time waſt afraid
To dare the greateſt Gods to fight with thee, *He ſtrikes.*
And now wants ſtrength for one downe driuing blow?
Ah how my courage failes when I ſhould ſtrike;
Some new-come ſpirit abiding in my breſt,
Saith ſpare her *Bremo*, ſpare her, doe not kill;
Shall I ſpare her that neuer ſpared any?
To it *Bremo*, to it; ſay againe:
I cannot wield my weapons in my hand,
Me thinks I ſhould not ſtrike ſo faire a one:
I thinke her beauty hath bewitcht my force,
Or elſe within me altred natures courſe.
Ay woman, wilt thou liue in woods with me?

Ama. Faine would I liue, yet loth to liue in woods.

Bre. Thou ſhalt not chooſe, it ſhall be as I ſay,
And therefore follow me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus ſolus.

Muce. It was my will an houre agoe and more,
As was my promiſe for to make returne;
But other buſineſſe hindred my pretence.
It is a world to ſee, when man appoints,
And purpoſely one certaine thing decrees,
How many things may hinder his intent:
What one would wiſh, the ſame is fartheſt off:
But yet the appointed time cannot be paſt,
Nor hath her preſence yet preuented me:
Well here Ile ſtay and expect her comming.

They cry within, hold him, hold him.

Some one or other is purſude no doubt,
Perhaps ſome ſearch for me, tis good to doubt the worſt:
Therefore Ile be gone. *Exit.*

Cry within hold him, hold him: enter Meuſe the Clowne, with a Pot.

Clow. Hold him, hold him, hold him: here's ſtir indeed: here came hue after the Crier, & I was ſet cloſe at mother *Nips* houſe

and there I cal'd for three pots of Ale, as 'tis the manner of vs Courtiers : Now ſirrah, I had taken the maiden-head of two of them, and as I was lifting vp the third to my mouth, there came hold him, hold him: now I could not tell whom to catch hold on, but I am ſure I caught one, perchance a may be in this pot: Well Ile ſee, maſte I cannot ſee him yet : well Ile looke a little further ; maſte he is a little ſlaue if he be here: why heres no body ; all this is well yet. But if the old Trot ſhould come for her pot, I marry there's the matter : but I care not, I'le face her out, and call her old muſty, duſty, muſty, fuſty, cruſty Fire-brand ; and worſe than all that, and ſo face her out of her Pot : but ſoft here ſhe comes.

Enter the old woman.

Old. Come you knaue, where's my pot you knaue ?

Clow. Goe looke your Pot, come not to me for your Pot twere good for you.

Old. Thou lieſt thou knaue, thou haſt my Pot.

Clow. You lie and you ſay it, I your pot? I know what Ile ſay.

Old. What wilt thou ſay ?

Clow. But ſay I haue it and thou darſt.

Old. Why thou knaue thou haſt not only my Pot but my drinke vnpaid for.

Clow. You lie like an old : I will not ſay where.

Old. Doſt thou call me whore ? Ile cap thee for my pot.

Clow. Cap me and thou dareſt :
Search me whether I haue it or no.

She ſearcheth him, and he drinketh ouer her head, and caſteth downe the Pot, ſhe ſtumbleth at it, and then they fall together by the eares, ſhe takes vp her Pot, and runnes out.

Enter Segaſto.

Segaſt. How now ſirra whats the matter ?

Clow. Oflies Maſter flies.

Segaſt. Flies, where are they ?

Clow. O here Maſter, all about your face.

Segaſt. Why thou lieſt, I thinke thou art mad.

Clow. Why Maſter I haue kild a dung-cart full at the leaſt.

Segaſt. Goe to ſirra, leaue this idle talke, giue care to me.

Clow. How, giue you one of my cares.

Not

Not and you were ten Masters.

Segast. Why sir I pray you giue eare to my words.

Clow. I tell you I wil not be made a Curtall for no mans plea-

Segast. I tell thee attend what I shall say. (sure.

Goe thy waies straight and reare the whole towne.

Clow. How, reare the whole towne? euen goe your selfe, it is more than I can doe; Why doe you thinke I can reare a towne, that can scarce reare a Pot of Ale to my head;

I should reare a towne, should I not?

Segast. Goe to the Constable and make a priuy search,

For the Shepherd is run away with the Kings daughter.

Clow. How, is the Shepherd run away with the Kings daughter, or is the Kings daughter run away with the Shepherd?

Segast. I cannot tell, but they are both gone together.

Clow. What a foole is she to run away with the Shepherd; why I thinke I am a little handsomer man than the Shepherd my selfe. But tell me Master, must I make a priuy search, or search in the priuie?

Segast. Why dost thou thinke they will be there?

Clow. I cannot tell.

Segast. Well then search euery where,

Leaue no place vnsearcht for them.

Clow. Oh now I am in office: now will I to that old Firebrands house and will not leaue one place vnsearched. Nay Ile to the Ale-stand, and drinke so long as I can stand; and when I haue done, Ile let out all the rest, to see if he be not hid in the Barrel; and if I finde him not there, Ile to the Cubbord, Ile not leaue one corner of her house vnsearcht, ifaith ye old Crust, I will be with you now. *Exit.*

Sound Musicke.

Enter the King of Valentia, Anselmo, Rodorigo.

Lord Barachius with others.

King Va. Enough of musicke, it but addes to torment,

Delights to vexed spirits, are as dates

Set to a sickeman, which rather cloy than comfort.

Let me intreat you to intreat no more. *Musicke*

Rod. Let your thingsleepe, haue done there: *ceaseth.*

King Va. Mirth to a soule disturbid, are Embers curbid.

Which

Which sodaine gleame with molestation,
But sooner lose their sight for'r.
Tis gold bestowed vpon a Rioter,
Which not releeues, but murders him.
Tis a drugge giuen to the healthfull,
Which infects, not cures.
How can a Father that hath lost his Sonne,
A Prince both wise, vertuous, and valiant,
Take pleasure in the idle acts of Time?
No, no, till *Mucedorus* I shall see againe,
All ioy is comfort'esse, all pleasure paine.

Ansel. Your Sonne (my Lord) is well.

King Va. I prethee, speake that thrice.

Ansel. The Prince your Sonne is safe.

King Va. O where *Anselmo?* surfet me with that.

Ansel. In *Aragon* my Liege: and at his parting
Bound my secrecie
By his affectious loue not to disclose it;
But care of him, and pitty of your age,
Makes my tongue blab what my brest vowd concealement.

King Va. Thou not deceiu'st me,
I euer thought thee what I finde thee now,
An vpright loyall man.
But what desire, or young-fed humour
Nurst within his braine,
Drew him so priuately to *Aragon?*

Ansel. A forcing Adamant,
Loue mixt with feare, and doubtfull Iealousie,
Whether report gilded a worthlesse Trunke,
Or *Amadine* deseru'd her high extolment.

King Va. See our prouision be in readinesse,
Collect vs followers of the comeliest hue
For our chiefe guardians, we will thither wend;
The Chrystall eye of Heauen shall not thrice winke,
Nor the greene Flood six times his shoulders turne,
Till we salute the *Aragonian* King.
Musicke speake loudly now, the season's apt,
For former dolours are in pleasures wrapt. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Mucedorus to diſguiſe himſelfe.

Muce. Now *Mucedorus* whither wilt thou goe?
Home to thy father, to thy native ſoile,
Or try ſome long abode within theſe woods?
Well I will hence depart and hie me home.
What hie me home ſaid I? that may not be:
In *Amadine* reſts my felicity.
Then *Mucedorus* doe as thou didſt decree,
Attire thee Hermite-like within theſe Groues:
Walke often to the Beech, and view the Well,
Make ſettles there, and ſeat thy ſelfe thereon:
And when thou feel'ſt thy ſelfe to be athirſt,
Then drinke a hearty draught to *Amadine*,
No doubt ſhe thinks on thee,
And will one day come pledge thee at this Well.
Come habit thou art fit for me: *He diſguiſeth himſelfe.*
No Shepherd now, an Hermite muſt I be,
Me thinks this fits me very well;
Now muſt I learne to beare a walking ſtaffe,
And exerciſe ſome grauity withall.

Enter the Clowne.

Clow. Heres through the woods and through the woods,
To looke out a Shepherd and a ſtray Kings daughter:
But ſoft, who haue we here? what art thou?

Muc. I am an Hermite.

Clow. An Emmet, I neuer ſaw ſuch a bigge Emmet in all my life before.

Muc. I tell you ſir, I am an Hermite,
One that leads a ſolitary life within theſe woods.

Clow. O I know thee now, thou art he that eats vp all the Hippes and Hawes: we could not haue one peece of fat Bacon for thee all this yeare.

Muc. Thou doſt miſtake me:
But I pray thee tell me, whom thou doſt ſeek in theſe woods?

Clow. What doe I ſeek? for a ſtray Kings daughter,
Runne away with a ſhepherd.

Muc. A ſtray Kings daughter, runne away with a Shepherd,
Wherefore, canſt thou tell?

Clow.

Clow. Yes that I can, 'tis this; my Maſter and *Amadine* walking one day abroad, neerer theſe woods then they were vſed (about what I cannot tell) but towards them comes running a great Beare: Now my Maſter plaid the man, and ran away, and *Amadine* crying after him: now ſir, comes me a Shepherd, and hee ſtrikes off the Beares head, now whether the Beare were dead before or no I cannot tell, for bring twenty Beares before me, and binde their hands and feet, and I'le kill them all: now euer ſince *Amadine* hath beene in loue with the Shepherd, and for goodwill ſhee's euen run away with the Shepherd. (me?

Muc. What manner of man was he? canſt deſcribe him vnto

Clow. Scribe him, aye I warrant you that I can; a was a little, low, broad, tall, narrow, bigge, well fauoured fellow, a ierkin of white cloth, and buttons of the ſame cloth.

Muc. Thou deſcribeſt him well, but if I chance to ſee any ſuch, pray you where ſhall I finde you, or whats your name?

Clow. My name is called Maſter *Mouſe*.

Muc. O Maſter *Mouſe*, I pray you what Office might you beare in the Court?

Clow. Marry ſir, I am Ruſher of the Stable.

Muc. Oh, Vſher of the Table.

Clow. Nay I ſay Ruſher, and I'le proue my office good: for looke you ſir, when any comes from vnder the Sea, or ſo, and a dogge chance to blow his note backward, then with a whip I giue him the good time of the day, and ſtrow Ruſhes preſently, therefore I am a Ruſher & a high Office I promiſe yee.

Muc. But where ſhall I finde you in the Court?

Clow. Why where it is beſt being, either in Kitchin eating, or in the Buttery drinking: but if you come, I will prouide for thee a peece of Beefe and Brewis knuckle-deepe in fat: pray you take paines remember maſter *Mouſe*. *Exit.*

Muc. Ay ſir, I warrant I will not forget you.
Ah *Amadine*, what ſhould become of her?
Whither ſhouldſt thou goe ſo long vnknowne?
With watch and ward each paſſage is beſet,
So that ſhe cannot long eſcape vnknowne.
Doubtleſſe ſhe hath loſt herſelfe within theſe woods,
And wandring to and fro ſhe ſeekes the Well,

Which

Which yet ſhe cannot find, therefore will I ſeek her out. *Exit.*

Enter Bremo and Amadine.

Bre. Amadine, how like you *Bremo* and his woods?

Ama. As like the woods of *Bremoes* crueltie:
Though I were dumb and could not anſwer him,
The beaſts themſelves would with relenting teares
Bewail thy ſavage and inhumane deeds.

Bre. My love why doſt thou murmur to thy ſelf?
Speak louder, for thy *Bremo* hears thee not.

Ama. My *Bremo*, no, the Shepherd is my Love.

Bre. Have I not ſav'd thee from ſudden death,
Given thee leave to live that thou mighteſt love,
And doſt thou whet me on to crueltie?
Come kiſs me (ſweet) for all my favours paſt.

Ama. I may not *Bremo*, therefore pardon me.

Bre. See how ſhe flies away from me,
I will follow and give attend to her.
Denie my Love? A worm of Beautie,
I will chaſtiſe thee: come, come,
Prepare thy head upon the block.

Ama. O ſpare me *Bremo*, love ſhould limit life.
Not to be made a murtherer of himſelf.
If thou wilt glut thy loving heart with blood,
Encounter with the Lion or the Bear,
And like a Wolf, prey not upon a Lamb.

Bre. Why then doſt thou repine at me?
If thou wilt love me, thou ſhalt be my Queen,
Ile crown thee with a chaplet made of Ivory,
And make the Roſe and Lilly wait on thee:
Ile rend the burley branches from the Oak,
To ſhadow thee from burning Sun.
The Trees ſhall ſpread themſelves where thou doſt go,
And as they ſpread, Ile trace along with thee.

Ama. You may, for who but you?

Bre. Thou ſhalt be fed with Quails and Partridges,
With Black-birds, Larks, Thruſhes, and Nightingales.
Thy drink ſhall be goats-milk, and Chryſtall water,
Diſtilling from the Fountains and the cleareſt Springs:

And all the dainties that the woods afford,
Ile freely give thee to obtain thy love.
Ama. You may, for who but you?
Bre. The day Ile ſpend to recreate my love,
With all the pleaſures that I can deviſe:
And in the night Ile be thy bedfellow,
And lovingly embrace thee in my arms.
Ama. One may, ſo may not you.
Bre. The Satyrs and the wood-Nymphs ſhall attend on thee,
And lull thee aſleep with muſick ſound,
And in the morning when thou doſt awake,
The Lark ſhall ſing good morrow to my Queen,
And whilſt he ſings Ile kiſs mine *Amadine.*
Ama. You may, for who but you?
Bre. When thou art up, the wood-lanes ſhall be ſtrewed
With violets, Cowſlips, and ſweet Marigolds,
For thee to trample and to tread upon:
And I will teach thee how to kill the Dear,
To chaſe the Harr, and how to rouze the Roe,
If thou wilt live to love and honour me.
Ama. You may, for who but you?

Enter Mucedorus.

Bremo. Welcome ſir, an hour ago I lookt for ſuch a gueſt,
Be merry wench, weel have a frolick feaſt,
Here's fleſh enough for to ſuffice us both,
Say ſirrah, wilt thou fight, or doſt thou mean to die?
Muce. I want a weapon, how can I fight?
Bre. Thou want'ſt a weapon, why then thou yieldſt to die?
Muce. I ſay not ſo, I do not yield to die.
Bre. Thou ſhalt not chuſe, I long to ſee thee dead.
Ama. Yet ſpare him *Bremo*, ſpare him.
Bre. Away, I ſay I will not ſpare him.
Muce. Yet give me leave to ſpeak.
Bre. Thou ſhalt not ſpeak.
Ama. Yet give him leave to ſpeak for my ſake.
Bre. Speak on, but be not over-long.
Muce. In time of yore, when men like bruitiſh beaſts
Did lead their lives in loathſome Cells and Woods,

And

And wholy gave themſelves to witleſs will:
A rude unruly rout, then man to man became
A preſent prey; then might prevailed,
The weakeſt went to wals;
Right was unknown, for wrong was all in all.
As men thus lived in their great outrage,
Behold one *Orpheus* came (as Poets tell)
And them from rudeneſs unto reaſon brought,
Who led by reaſon ſoon forſook the woods,
In ſtead of Caves they built them Caſtles ſtrong,
Cities and Towns were founded by them then:
Glad were they, they found ſuch eaſe,
And in the end they grew to perfect Amitie.
Weighing their former wickedneſs,
They tearm'd the time wherein they lived then,
A golden age, a good golden age.
New *Bremo* (for ſo heard I thee call'd)
If men which lived tofore as thou doſt now,
Wild in woods, addicted all to ſpoil,
Returned were by worthy *Orpheus* means:
Let me (like *Orpheus*) cauſe thee to return
From murther, blood-ſhed, and like cruelties.
What ſhould we fight before we have a cauſe?
No, lets live and love together faithfully:
Ile fight for thee.

Bre. Fight for me, or die: or fight or elſe thou dieſt.

Ama. Hold *Bremo*, hold.

Bre. Away I ſay, thou troubleſt me.

Ama. You promiſed me to make me Queen.

Bre. I did, I mean no leſs.

Ama. You promiſed that I ſhould have my will.

Bre. I did, I mean no leſs.

Ama. Then ſave the Hermites life, for he may ſave us both.

Bre. At thy requeſt Ile ſave him, but never any after him:
Say Hermite, what canſt thou do?

Muce. Ile wait on thee, ſometime upon thy Queen,
Such ſervice ſhalt thou ſhortly have as *Bremo* never had.

Exeunt.

Enter Segaſto, the Clown, and Rumbelo.

Segaſt. Come ſirs, what ſhall I never have you find out *Amadine* and the Shepherd?

Clow. I have been thorow the woods, and thorow the woods, and could ſee nothing but an Emmet. (one.

Rum. Why I ſee a thouſand Emmets, thou meaneſt a little

Clow. Nay, that Emmet that I ſaw was bigger then thou art.

Rum. Bigger then I? what a fool have you to your man? I pray you Maſter turn him away.

Segaſt. But doſt thou hear, was he not a man?

Clow. I think he was, for he ſaid he did lead a ſalt-ſellers life round about the woods.

Seg. Thou wouldſt ſay a ſolitarie life about the wood.

Clow. I think it was indeed.

Rum. I thought what a fool thou art.

Clow. Thou art a wiſe man: why he did nothing but ſleep ſince he went.

Seg. But tell me *Monſe*, how did he go?

Clo. In a white Gown, and a white hat on his head,
And a ſtaff in his hand.

Seg. I thought ſo, he was an Hermite, that walked a ſolitarie life in the woods.
Well, get you to dinner, and after, never leave ſeeking till you bring ſome news of them, or Ile hang you both. *Exit.*

Clow. How now *Rumbelo*, what ſhall we do now?

Rum. Faith Ile whom to dinner, and afterwards to ſleep.

Clow Why then thou wilt be hanged.

Rum. Faith I care not, for I know I ſhall never find them: Well, Ile once more abroad; and if I cannot find them, Ile never come home again.

Clow. I tell thee what *Rumbelo*, thou ſhalt go in at one end of the wood, and I at the other, and we will both meet together in the midſt.

Rum. Content, lets away to dinner. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus ſolus.

Muce. Unknown to any, here within theſe woods,
With bloody *Bremo* do I lead my life;
The Monſter he doth murder all he meets,

He

He ſpareth none, and none doth him eſcape:
Who would continue, who but onely I,
In ſuch a cruel cut-throats company?
Ye *Amadine* is there, how can I chuſe?
Ah ſilly ſoul, how oftentimes ſhe ſits,
And ſighs, and calls, Come Shepherd, come:
Sweet *Mucedorus* come ſet me free,
When *Mucedorus* (Peaſant) ſtands her by;
But here ſhe comes: What news fair Lady,
As you walk theſe woods? *Enter Amadine.*

Ama. Ah Hermite, none but bad,
And ſuch as thou knoweſt.

Muce. How do you like your *Bremo* and his woods?

Ama. Not my *Bremo*, nor his *Bremo* woods.

Muce. And why not yours? methinks he loves you well.

Ama. I like not him, his love to me is nothing worth.

Muce. Lady, in this methinks you offer wrong,
To hate the man that ever loves you beſt.

Ama. Ah Hermite, I take no pleaſure in his love,
Neither doth *Bremo* like me beſt.

Muce. Pardon my boldneſs, fair Lady, ſith we both
May ſafely talk now out of *Bremo*'s ſight,
Unfold to me, if you pleaſe, the full diſcourſe,
How, when, and why you came into theſe woods,
And fell into this bloody butchers hand.

Ama. Hermite I wil: Of late a worthy Shepherd I did love.

Muce. A Shepherd (Lady) ſure a man unfit to match with you.

Ama. Hermite, this is true: and when we had———

Muce. Stay there, the wild man comes,
Refer the reſt until another time.

Enter Bremo.

Bre. What ſecret tale is this? what whiſpering have we here?
Villain, I charge thee tell thy tale again.

Muce. If needs I muſt, lo here it is again.
When as we both had loſt the ſight of thee,
It griev'd us both, but ſpecially thy Queen,
Who in thy abſence evers fears the worſt,
Leſt ſome miſchance befall your Royal Grace.

Shall my ſweet *Bremo* wander through the wood,
Toil to and fro, for to redreſs my want,
Hazard his life, and all to cheriſh me?
I like not this quoth ſhe:
And thereupon crave to know of me,
If I could teach her handle weapons well.
My anſwer was, I had ſmall skill therein:
But gladſome (mighty King) to learn of thee:
And this was all.

Bre. Waſt ſo? none can miſlike of this:
Ile teach you both to fight, but firſt my Queen begin,
Here take this weapon, ſee how thou canſt uſe it.

Ama. This is too big, I cannot wield it in mine arm.

Bre. Is't ſo? wee'l have a knotty Crab-tree ſtaff for thee;
But ſirrah, tell me, what ſaieſt?

Muce. With all my heart I willing am to learn.

Bre. Then take my ſtaff and ſee how thou canſt wield it.

Muce. Firſt teach me to how hold it in mine hand.

Bre. Thou holdeſt it well; look how he doth,
Thou mayeſt the ſooner learn.

Muce. Next tell how, and when 'tis beſt to ſtrike.

Bre. 'Tis beſt to ſtrike when time doth ſerve,
Tis beſt to loſe no time.

Muce. Then now or never it is time to ſtrike.

Bre. And when thou ſtrikeſt, be ſure to hit the head.

Muce. The head?

Bre. The very head.

Muce. Then have at thine. *He ſtrikes him down dead.*
So, lie there and die, a death (no doubt) according to deſert,
Or elſe a worſe, as thou deſerveſt worſe.

Ama. It glads my heart this Tyrants death to ſee.

Muce. Now Lady it remains in you
To end the tale you lately had begun,
Being interrupted by this wicked wight:
You ſaid you loved a Shepherd.

Ama. I, ſo I do, and none but onely him:
And will do ſtill as long as life ſhall laſt.

Muce. But tell me Lady, ſith I ſet you free,

What

What courſe of life do you intend to take?

Ama. I will diſguiſed wander thorow the world,
Till I have found him out.

Muce. How if you find your Shepherd in theſe woods?

Ama. Ah! none ſo happy then as *Amadine.*

He diſcloſeth himſelf.

Muce. In tract of time a man may alter much:
Say Lady, do you know your Shepherd well?

Ama. My *Mucedorus*, hath he ſet me free?

Muce. He hath ſet thee free.

Ama. And liv'd ſo long unknown to *Amadine*?

Muce. Ay that's a queſtion whereof you may not be re-
You know that I am baniſht from the Court, (ſolved:
I know likewiſe each paſſage is beſet,
So that we cannot long eſcape unknown,
Therefore my will is this, that we return,
Right thorow the thickets to the wild mans Cave,
And there a while live on his proviſion,
Untill the ſearch and narrow watch be paſt:
This is my councel, and I like it beſt.

Ama. I think the very ſame.

Muce. Come let's be gone.

The Clown ſearcheth, and fals over the wild man, and ſo caries him away.

Clow. Nay ſoft ſir, are you here? aboes on you
I was like to be hang'd for not finding of you:
We would borrow a certain ſtray Kings daughter of you,
A wench, a wench ſir, we would have.

Muce. A wench of me? Ile make thee eat my ſword.

Clow. O Lord, nay, and you are ſo luſty, Ile call a cooling-card for you: O Maſter, Maſter, come away quickly.

Enter Segaſto.

Segaſt. What's the matter?

Clow. Look, *Amadine* and the Shepherd. O brave.

Seg. What minion, have I found you out?

Clow. Nay that's a lye, I found her out my ſelf.

Seg. Thou gadding huſwife, what cauſe hadſt thou
To gad abroad?

When

When as thou knowest our wedding day so nigh?
Ama. Not so *Segasto*, no such thing in hand:
Shew your assurance, then Ile answer you.
Segast. Thy fathers promise my assurance is.
Ama. But what he promis'd he hath not perform'd.
Segast. It rests in thee for to perform the same.
Ama. Not I.
Segast. And why?
Ama. So is my will, and therefore even no.
Clow. Master with a none, none to.
Segast. Ah wicked villain, art thou here?
Muce. What need these words? weigh them not.
Segast. We weigh them not, proud Shepherd I scorn thy company.
Clow. Wee'l not have a corner of thy company. (company.
Muce. I scorn not thee, nor yet the least of thine.
Clo. That's a lie, a would have kild me with his pugi-nando.
Segast. This stoutnesse *Amadine* contemns me not.
Ama. Then seek another that may you better please.
Muce. Well *Amadine* it only rests in thee,
Without delay to make thy choise of three:
There stands *Segasto*, a second here,
There stands the third: now make thy choice.
Clow. A Lord at the least I am.
Ama. My choice is made, for I will none but thee.
Segast. A worthy mate (no doubt) for such a wife.
Muce. And *Amadine*, why wilt thou none but me?
I cannot keep thee as thy father did;
I have no Lands for to maintain thy state:
Moreover, if thou mean to be my wife,
Commonly this must be thy use,
To bed at midnight, up at four,
Drudge all day, and trudge from place to place,
Whereby our daily victuall for to win;
And last of all, which is the worst of all,
No Princess then, but a plain Shepherds wife.
Clow. Then God gee you good morrow goody Shepherd.
Ama. It shall not need if *Amadine* do live,
Thou shalt be crowned King of *Aragon*.

Clow.

Clow. O Maſter laugh, when he is a King, Ile be a Queene.

Muc. Then know that which nere before was knowne:
I am no Shepherd, tho *Aragonian* I,
But borne of Royall bloud: my Father's of *Valentia* King,
My Mother Queene; who for thy ſacred ſake,
Tooke this hard taske in hand.

Amad. Ah how I ioy my fortune is ſo good.

Segaſt. Well now I ſee *Segaſto* ſhall not ſpeed,
But *Mucedorus*, I as much doe ioy
To ſee thee here within our Court of *Aragon*,
As if a kingdome had befalne me this time:
I with my heart ſurrender her to thee.

He giues her to him.

And looke what right to *Amadine* I haue.

Clow. What barnes doore, and borne where my Father was Conſtable? a bots on thee, how doſt thou?

Muc. Thanks *Segaſto*, but you leueld at the Crowne.

Clow. Maſter beare this and beare all.

Segaſt. Why ſo ſirra?

Clow. He ſaies you take a gooſe by the Crowne.

Segaſt. Goe to ſirra; away, poſt you to the King,
Whoſe heart is fraught with carefull doubts,
Glad him vp, and tell him theſe good newes,
And we will follow as faſt as we may.

Clow. I goe Maſter, I runne Maſter. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King and Collin.

King. Breake heart and end my pallid woes,
My *Amadine* the comfort of my life;
How can I ioy except ſhe were in ſight?
Her abſence breeds great ſorrow to my ſoule,
And with a thunder breaks my heart in twaine.

Collin. Forbeare thoſe paſſions gentle King,
And you ſhall ſee twill turne vnto the beſt,
And bring your ſoule to quiet and to ioy.

King. Such ioy as death, I doe aſſure mee that,
And nought but death, except of her I heare,
And that with ſpeed, I cannot ſigh thus long:
But what a tumult doe I heare within?

They cry within, Ioy and happineſſe.

Cullin. I heare a noiſe of ouer-paſſing ioy
Within the Court: my Lord be of good comfort,
And here comes one in haſte.

Enter the Clowne running.

Clow. A King, a King.

Co'. Why how now ſirra, what's the matter?

Clow. O 'tis newes for a King, 'tis worth mony.

King. Why ſirra, thou ſhalt haue ſiluer and gold if it be good.

Clow. O 'tis good, 'tis good *Amadine.*

King. O what of her? tell me, and I will make thee a knight.

Clow. How a Spright, no by Lady, I will not be a Spright. Maſter get you away, if I be a Spright, I ſhall be ſo leane I ſhall make you all afraid.

Co'. Then (Sot) the King meanes to make thee a Gentleman.

Clow. Why I ſhall want Parrell.

King. Thou ſhalt want for nothing.

Clow. Then ſtand away, ſtrike vp thy ſelfe, here they come

Enter Segaſto, Mucedorus, and Amadine.

Ama. My gracious Father, pardon thy diſloyall daughter.

King. What doe mine eies behold my daughter *Amadine*? Riſe vp daughter, and let theſe embracing armes Shew ſome token of thy Fathers ioy, Which euer ſince thy departure hath languiſhed in ſorrow.

Ama. Deare Father neuer were your ſorrowes Greater than my griefes: Neuer ſo deſolate, as I comfortleſſe: Yet neuertheleſſe knowing my ſelfe To be the cauſe of both, on bended knees I humbly craue your pardon.

King. Ile pardon thee (deare daughter) but as for him.

Ama. Ay Father what of him?

King. As ſure as I am King and weare the Crowne Ile be reueng'd on that accurſed wretch.

Muc. Yet worthy Prince, worke not thy will in wrath, ſhew

King. I, ſuch fauour as thou deſerueſt. (fauour.

Muc. I doe deſerue the daughter of a King.

King. Oh impudent la Shepherd and ſo inſolent.

Muc.

Muc. No Shepherd I, but a worthy Prince.
King. In faire conceit, not princely borne.
Muc. Yes Princely borne, my Father is a King,
My Mother a Queene, and of *Valentia* both.
King. What *Mucedorus* welcome to our Court,
What cauſe hadſt thou to come to me diſguis'd?
Muc. No cauſe to feare, I cauſed no offence;
But this, deſiring thy daughters vertues for to ſee,
Diſguiſ'd my ſelfe from out my Fathers Court,
Vnknowne to any in ſecret I did reſt,
And paſſed many troubles neare to death:
So hath your daughter my partaker beene,
As you ſhall know hereafter more at large:
Deſiring you, you will giue her to me,
Euen as mine owne and Soueraigne of my life,
Then ſhall I thinke my trauels all well ſpent.
King. With all my heart, but this,
Segaſto claimes my promiſe made to fore,
That he ſhould haue her as his onely Wife,
Before my Councell when he came from warre.
Segaſto, may I craue thee let it paſſe,
And giue *Amadine* as wife to *Mucedorus*?
Segaſt. With all my heart, were it a farre greater thing.
And what I may to furniſh vp their rites,
With pleaſing ſports and paſtimes you ſhall ſee.
King. Thanks good *Segaſto*, I will thinke of this.
Muc. Thanks good my Lord, and whilſt I liue,
Account of me in what I can or may.
Ama. Good *Segaſto* theſe great courteſies
Shall not be forgot.
Clow. Why harke you Maſter, bones what haue you done? What giuen away the wench you made me take ſuch paines for? You are wiſe indeed. Matſe and I had knowne of that, I would haue had her my ſelfe: faith Maſter now we may goe to breakfaſt with a wood-cock-pie.
Segaſt. Goe to ſirra, you were beſt to leaue this knauery.
King. Come on my Lords, let's now to Court,
Where we may finiſh vp the ioyfulleſt day,

That euer hapt to a diſtreſſed King:
Were but thy Father the *Valentia* Lord,
Preſent in view of this combined knot.

A ſhout within: enter Meſſenger.

What ſhout was that?

Meſ. My Lord the great *Valentia* King,
Newly arriu'd intreats your preſence.

Muc. My Father?

King Ara. Prepared welcomes giue him entertainment;
A happier planet neuer raign'd than that
Which gouernes at this houre. *Sound.*

Enter the King of Valentia, Anſelmo, Roderigo, Barachius, with others: The King runnes and embraceth his Sonne.

King Val. Riſe honour of my age, food to my reſt:
Condemne not (mighty King of *Aragon*)
My rude behauiour ſo compell'd by nature,
That manners ſtood vnknowledged.

King Ara. What we haue to recite would tedious proue,
By declaration, therefore in and feaſt,
To morrow the performance ſhall explaine
What words conceale: till then Drummes ſpeake, Bells ring,
Giue plauſiue welcomes to our brother King.

Sound Drums and Trumpets. Exeunt omnes.

Enter Comedy and Enuy.

Com. How now *Enuy*; what, bluſheſt thou already?
Peepe forth, hide not thy head with ſhame,
But with courage praiſe a womans deeds;
Thy threats were vaine, thou could'ſt doe me no hurt,
Although thou ſeem'dſt to croſſe me with deſpight,
I ouerwhelm'd and turn'd vpſide downe thy blockes,
And made thy ſelfe to ſtumble at the ſame.

Enuy. Though ſtumbled yet not ouerthrowne,
Thou canſt not draw my head to mildneſſe:
Yet muſt I needs confeſſe thou haſt done well,
And plaid thy part with mirth and pleaſant glee:
Say all this; yet canſt thou not conquer me,
Although this time thou haſt got,
Yet not the conqueſt neither.

A double reuenge another time ile haue.
Com. Enuy ſpit thy gall;
Plot, worke, contriue, create new fallacies,
Teeme from thy wombe each minute a blacke Traytor,
Whoſe bloud and thoughts haue twins conception:
Study to act deeds yet vnchronicled,
Caſt natiue monſters in the moulds of men:
Caſe vicious deuils vnder ſanctified robes;
Vnhaſpe the wicket where all periuries rooſt,
And ſwarme this ball with treaſons, doe thy worſt,
Thou canſt not (hell-hound) croſſe my ſteare to night,
Nor blinde that glory where I wiſh delight.
Enuy. I can, I will.
Com. Nefarious Hag begin,
And let vs tugge till one the maſtery win.
Enuy. Comedy, thou art a ſhallow Gooſe,
Ile ouerthrow thee in thine owne intent,
And make thy fall my Comicke merriment.
Com. Thy policy wants grauity, thou art too weake:
Speake friend, as how?
Enuy. Why thus,
From my foule ſtudy will I hoiſt a wretch,
A leane and hungry meager Caniball,
Whoſe iawes ſwell to his eies with chewing malice:
And him Ile make a Poet.
Com. What's that to th'purpoſe?
Enuy. This ſcrambling Rauen with his needy beard,
Will I whet on to write a Comedy;
Wherein ſhall be compos'd darke ſentences,
Pleaſing to factious braines;
And euery other where place me a Ieſt,
Whoſe high abuſe ſhall more torment than blowes:
Then I my ſelfe (quicker than lightning)
Will flye me to the puiſſant Magiſtrate,
And waiting with a trencher at his backe,
In midſt of iollity rehearſe thoſe gaules
(With ſome additions) ſo lately vented in your Theater:
He on this cannot but make complaint,

to our great danger, or at least restraint.

Com. Ha, ha, ha, I laugh to heare thy folly:
This is a trap for boyes, not men, nor such,
Especially deceitfull in their doings,
Whose staid discretion, rules their purposes.
I and my faction doe eschew those vices:
But see, O see, the weary Sunne for rest,
Hath laine his golden compasse to the West,
Where he perpetuall bide, and euer shine,
As *Dauids* off-spring in his happy Clime.
Stoop *Enny* stoope, bow to the earth with me,
Lets beg our pardon on our bended knee. *They kneele.*

Enuy. My power has lost her might, *Enuies* date's expired.
And I amazed am. *Fall downe and quake.*

Com. Glorious and wise Arch-*Cæsar* on this earth,
At whose appearance *Ennie's* strucken dumbe,
And all bad things cease operation:
Vouchsafe to pardon our vnwilling errour,
So late presented to your gracious view,
And weele endeuour with excesse of paine,
To please your senses in a choicer straine.
Thus we commit you to the armes of night,
Whose spangled carkasse would for your delight,
Striue to excell the day: be blessed then,
Who other wishes, let him neuer speake.

Enuy. Amen.
To Fame and Honour we commend your rest,
Liue still more happy, euery houre more blest.

FINIS.

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XUM